
T H E

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TO THE KING.

S I R,



T ought to be a reflection which you should often make, that in this kingdom no man however exalted, is beyond the reach of punishment; you ought to reflect, that many things that begin *prosperously*, often end *tragically*. You ought to consider, that the preservation of the *English* constitution, hath, in all ages, appeared so dear, and valuable to the people, that they would never suffer it to be destroyed either by fraud, or the lawless power of their kings. In short Sir, did you but once reflect on the many hard struggles, sharp encounters, and glorious resistances made under tyrannical and powerful oppression; you could not forbear to wonder at the fortitude, which hath hitherto inspired the souls of Englishmen; you would then no longer join with an abandoned set of ministers, in schemes destructive to the public welfare, and in attempts to enslave the people: you may rest assured, Sir, that all your designs will prove abortive, (notwithstanding the prostitution of both houses of parliament) and instead of a *tame* submission, to your plan of despotic power, it is possible, you may feel the effects of their resentment, which now boils high; I would therefore have my countrymen take advantage of the humour they are in, and make a virtue of their present anger, and shew, that they who always scorned to be the property of tyrants, will not be the prey of slaves.

When

When the ancient Britons inhabited this island, they were renowned, for personal valour and an ardent love of liberty.---When they were intermingled with other nations, the same characteristics still marked them for a people---generous, humane, yet fearless of danger if contending for freedom, their *inherent birthright*. When, through length of time, and the natural course of things, monarchy was *permitted* by the people, it was nevertheless so properly tempered, that the smallest encroachment upon their claims, the least violation of their privileges, was opposed with vigour; and the king who dared to countenance such proceedings, or plead his prerogative, as an excuse for his oppression, was instantly deemed an *enemy* to the state, a *traitor* to the commonwealth, and branded with the epithet of *dastardly tyrant*.---When one of these miscreants, intoxicated with monarchical power, and not content to be looked upon only as the *first magistrate* in the kingdom presumed, of his own accord, to levy taxes and *encrease*, instead of *lessen*, public grievances---then, Sir, did our ancestors reduce this huge Leviathan: they made the lion crouch; and forced from his unweildly paw, that *ever-memorable charter*, which ought to be the loud boast of every *true born Englishman*. Sensible of the acquisition, and careful for their posterity, our great progenitors, taught by rueful experience, that truth seldom dwells in palaces, cared not to trust the *word* of future monarchs: but wisely exacted an *oath*, that they should hold their crown by the tenure of a strict adherence to MAGNA CHARTA, ONLY

Amongst your other *idle* amusements Sir, 'tis possible you may have read the history of a family, who by every tie of blood, succession, or hereditary right, deserved to wear the robe of royalty;---yet fascinated by the charms of arbitrary sway, they plunged the nation into civil discord; till oppressed beyond all bearing, the people, at length, *resumed* their awful power---and with one patriot blow, saved their sinking country from inevitable ruin. The heat of party however, soon subsiding, *British dignity*, roaming for safety in a foreign land, was a sight which touched the breasts of englishmen, with that compassion for which they are justly celebrated. The people therefore, exercised the christian virtue of forgiveness; buried their various wrong, in silent oblivion; and with many an endearing mark of tenderness, invited over the descendant of a man, who however well qualified for the domestic purposes of *knitting garters*, *fabricating buttons*, *saluting* his lady, or dandling his children to sleep by the drone of a princely *lullaby* had yet none of the requisites, necessary in a king of England.

Charles the first, Sir, was chaste, timid, weak, pious, and shewed, if possible, as great an attachment to his wife as you do. His son, the second Charles, was abandoned, licentious and totally devoid of principle.

In short, Sir every branch of the Stuart race, displayed such a love for absolute rule; delighted so much in an extension of prerogative; that the abdication of that priest-ridden paltroun, James the second, only saved churchmen the trouble of making him a saint; or the nation, the formal ceremony, and expence, of *chopping off* his empty head in a solemn manner.

The

The mal-practices of this jesuitical family, ending at last in their total extermination, paved Sir, the way for the promotion, and astonishing elevation, of the house of Hanover, to the throne of those kingdoms.

The short reign of George the first, scarcely afforded us an opportunity of knowing, with precision, his real character. He was a perfect stranger to the manners, the genius, and the disposition of the English. But, when able to stammer our language, perceiving in the nation, a prodigious aversion at being governed by a foreigner; he discovered wisdom sufficient, to wish himself quietly reinstated in his *own* electorate. Our late monarch, wielded the sceptre, with the spirit of a soldier; acted, from himself; opposed with great vigour, two unnatural Scotch rebellions, that shook the fabric of our constitution; and died replete with honours and with age.

Now, Sir, indulge me, whilst I take a transient view of your most *piteous* reign. Scarcely had you pronounced the lesson taught you by a Scottish chieftain;---no sooner was the word BRITON founded in our ears;---then we perceived, Sir, your mind strongly tainted with every highland notion, the despicable Caledonian could infuse. You stirred the very dregs of northern nobility, to find a favourite with whom to share the empire. Lord Bute from obscurity's obscurest corner, was summoned to bask himself at court; as a worm crawls forth from putrefaction, cherished by the sun's enlivening rays. Disgusted at the upstart insolence of such a mushroom, your ancient nobles blushed Sir, for a man, too *weak* to govern kingdoms; too *obstinate* to be advised; and too little *versed* in human nature to be capable of distinguishing real merit. What therefore, most mechanical Sir, was the powerful reason for this *undue* preference? what but some bewitching syren---an utter enemy to Britain's welfare, could have infatuated your untutored mind, or thus have rivetted your affections, upon a creature, in the shape of a man, possessed of every qualification but intrinsic worth? if this all crafty Laird be endowed with any thing like abilities, they are, I will be answerable altogether *corporeal*; and therefore entirely unknown, to every person unless a certain lady long since dead; who much delighted in such *mysterious* charms. From this indissoluble, this jejune attachment, however, as from their real source and fountain, flow all the divided streams of infelicity, that will speedily deluge a land, *devoted*, by your headstrong weakness, to certain devastation. To make room for this insidious minion, the sacred ties of friendship were totally dissolved; former obligations were totally forgotten; relations who presumed to remonstrate, were treated with cold indifference; and even gratitude, humanity's brightest ornament, was with the revolutions firmest friends, banished far distant from your habitation.

Think, Sir! brighten up your faculties! and, but for a moment, think of the dismal state, into which, by this precipitate unwary step, you threw Great Britain! deprived of all assistance, from men able

to guide the complicated machine of Government,---distracted councils gave our enemies fresh vigour---until most heartily despised abroad, a glorious and successful war, served by your *favourite's* mismanagement, only to render us more completely ridiculous.

You know, Sir, or it is now high time you was informed, that both the nations interest and honour were basely sacrificed to the sordid avarice of some ravenous harpies---who for the sake of gold, most cheerfully, would exterminate the whole human race.

What followed the cession of hostilities, I scarcely need relate. Murmurs, discontents, accusations, and motions for impeachment were answered by *Scotch addresses, raggamuffin panegyrics, prostitute citizens, the votes of court-sycophants*, and by the resignation of a raw-bone prime *any-thing*---but minister.

Even, during such a peace, have the arts been assiduously cultivated? Hath science reared her dejected head? Has all due encouragement been given to men of illustrious merit? Lord Bute indeed *affected* to be thought a Mæcenas, a distinguished patron of literature. As a proof of the extreme refinement of his taste, he made a *Scotch renegade parson*, his principal confidant; delegated to the *quack, Hill*, who pretended to lengthen human life, by a leaf of sage, the care of Kew Gardens; pensioned that veteran self-important jacobite *Shebbeare* alias *Cinna*; and gave the man who whiped the cobwebs from his musty books, a seat in parliament---Whilst you, Sir, have been *ravished* with enchanting harmony; *exalted* beyond the limits of humanity, by the grace of *Pianissimo*; and *absorbed* in the various beauties of painting, building, or collecting *rarest bows*.

When his Lairdship was driven from the public theatre of life, he deputed certain engines to continue his pious work, of reducing us to an abject state of slavery. The friends of liberty pursued him Sir, with success. Worried him through all his haunts. He sheltered himself like another *Rogers*,* under the foldings of a royal hoop petticoat: and when forced to fly for safety, to his cater cugin the *Pretender*, you Sir, was commanded, by a certain female, to commence his champion, and brave his cause, against such as should call in question his *PARTS*, his patriotism, or his honesty. Accordingly Sir you have been indefatigable in pursuing with rigour, the author of an harmless paper, meerly on account of his opposition to Lord Bute. Your time might, me thinks have been employed to much better advantage. Your christian piety, Sir, should alone have taught you to forgive an injury: but your rank and station called for a nobleness of soul entirely exempt from, and far superior to resentment---an abject passion, calculated only for sordid base-borne minds. The firmness however of a man has before now totally defeated, the merciless cruelty of an abstemious, chaste, virtuous sovereign.

Parliaments

* Roger Mortimer lay with Isabella mother of young Edward the Third and by his influence over her almost ruined the nation.

Parliaments Sir, ought to be the guardians of our liberties. When we are legally represented, the House of Commons is the sacred magazine, wherein are deposited British privileges and immunities;--- curtailed of which, existence becomes a burthen, and a curse. A French writer, Sir, called Montesquieu, pronounces it impossible for this kingdom ever to be undone, unless by the corruption of its senators.

The present parliament, Sir---*Britons* I perceive your indignation rise! friends and fellow countrymen, I entreat your pardon, for this hasty slip of my ungarded pen! the *motley* mixture at Westminster, I mean, is a self created junto; the majority of whom, under the favour Sir, of your illustrious auspices, are daily violating those rights purchased by the blood, the treasure, and the manly fortitude, of our gallant forefathers. Think you I venture beyond the limits of decency? for God's sake, Sir, by what name am I to call a meeting, which assumes to itself the right of judicature, determines upon incapitation, and erects its own existence, upon the total ruin of our most hallowed laws? that it is degenerated from its original institution is a plain matter of fact. That a person was expelled, because obnoxious---this is a truth that all Europe, who laugh at our puppet-show ministry, can amply testify:---the fatigues those wretches have undergone, to banish from their councils every person of worth and honour, are in reality, not to be compared with the steps they have pursued to people a chapel with a congregation quite of their own complexion. Sooner than suffer their schemes to prove abortive, murders were committed, and the parties, who gloried in the ministerial slaughter, pardoned by your clemency.

During your reign, to cut a throat with impunity, the hardy assassin needs but to have a *prostitute* filter, circumstances, which greatly alleviate his guilt, are instantly discovered by a sharp-sighted courtation, who has a fellow feeling in the case. Your acquiescing, Sir, in such complicated villainy, greatly lessens the high-flown opinion, we are taught to conceive about your pious virtues.

In short, great Sir, were your eyes but couched, clearly would you perceive, that your people are enslaved. You would see yourself grossly deceived, cajoled, bamboozled, and imposed upon. You would discover, that the nation is in a ferment; that factions, fomented by court parasites, gather strength and that your very throne is so besprinkled with *innocent blood*, as to render it utterly impossible, for any thing but a general sacrifice of the whole banditti of a ministry, to wash out the stains.

If then you regard with an eye of paternal tenderness, your own offspring! if you wish well to this once happy island! call forth, Sir, for God's sake! call forth, your magnanimity! summon all your recol-

recollection! shake off the slumbers of *domestic* indulgence, nor longer let your own obstinacy, and the villainy of your minions destroy our chartered freedom!

Forgive me, Sir, thus presuming to advise: but hard is the condition of princes. Listen to the faithful voice of your unbiased people. They speak a language you are bound to hear. From them you need not fear deception.

Let sterling merit be a sufficient introduction to your presence. Build your now tottering Empire upon a solid basis. Reign in our hearts. Act with the dignity of a man:---nor borrow consequence from crowns. Be *mindful*, that you are born, Sir, for deeds far more exalted, than barely propagating the species, or excelling in mechanics. And as nature deals much in revolutions, wear always one truth near your heart. A single vote transferred three mighty kingdoms. Some short time hence, 'tis possible, a *resolute majority of millions* may, from the topmost pinnacle of greatness, hurl head-long an *incorrigible* Monarch; and send him to the book of sufferings to learn that all power is derived from, and lodged in the people only; and that Englishmen will never long tamely submit to *ministerial slavery*, nor *Kingly tyranny*.

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